

# JEHOVAH GOD OF BATTLES UP TO DATE

A  
0  
0  
1  
2  
4  
7  
6  
7  
9  
2



HARVEY M. WATTS



THE LIBRARY  
OF  
THE UNIVERSITY  
OF CALIFORNIA  
LOS ANGELES









# JEHOVAH, GOD OF BATTLES, UP TO DATE

## THE GERMAN GOD

*A Satire and Sequel to the Soliloquy of Cesare  
Borgia in "The Faith of Princes," and a  
Prophecy that came true.    ∴    ∴    ∴*



# JEHOVAH, GOD OF BATTLES, UP TO DATE

## THE GERMAN GOD

A SOLILOQUY BY WILLIAM II ON THE  
EVE OF PALM SUNDAY, 1918

By

HARVEY M. WATTS, A.M., LITT.D.

*Author of "The Wife of Potiphar, with other  
Poems," "The Faith of Princes," "Pennsyl-  
vania," "Luz Erat," "Over There," etc., etc.*



PHILADELPHIA  
THE JOHN C. WINSTON COMPANY  
1919

SECOND EDITION

---

Copyright, 1918, 1919, by  
HARVEY M. WATTS

WRITTEN FEBRUARY-MARCH, AND READ BEFORE THE  
PHI BETA KAPPA AT THE UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA,  
MAY THE FIRST, NINETEEN HUNDRED AND EIGHTEEN

PS  
3545  
W339j

---

TO THE MEMORY OF  
SECOND LIEUTENANT WILMER E. HERR  
OF THE AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY  
FORCE IN FRANCE, ONE OF THE  
FIRST TO FALL IN LORRAINE, APRIL  
THE EIGHTH, NINETEEN HUNDRED  
AND EIGHTEEN, IN AN EFFORT TO  
SAVE THE WORLD FROM THE TER-  
RORISM OF THE IMPERIAL MONSTER  
HEREIN DEPICTED.

---

"THE GRAVE OVER THERE"

I KNOW a little mound that waits for me,  
For, though 'tis flower-besprent and flag-en-  
twined,  
Yet none who knew the clay have there inclined  
And kissed the earth that holds him fair and free,  
Knowing his worth, at rest eternally,  
And what he means to those of kin and kind,  
Who, some day, risking pain of body, mind,  
Would grateful kneel there in humility.—  
O little grave, o'er there on shot-torn lea  
No soil is alien or unconsecrate  
Where he, amid the shell-fire, lies at peace!  
Whose death has put us in his solemn fee  
As comes the dawn of man's supreme estate  
When love shall waken and all wars shall cease!



## PREFACE

**I**N THE winter of 1918, at a time when the gloomiest foreboding as to the possible temporary success of Might prevailed, the desire was never overcome to write a pendant to the anticipations of Teutonic frightfulness and the universal application by the German mind of Machiavelli's "force, fraud and guile," as set out in my soliloquy of Cesare Borgia in "The Faith of Princes"—written in December, 1914, and published in 1915—and to prophesy the downfall of Kaiserism through the intervention of America. As events moved, however, the poem when read before the University of Pennsylvania Chapter of the Phi Beta Kappa on May 1st was considered somewhat daring in its open acceptance of the doom of William II as certain and even when printed in July was reviewed more often as a broad presentation of the

arrogant philosophy of Germany's "will to Power"—to use the German pedant's canting phrase—through the Hohenzollern as the spokesman of the people's horrible ambitions than for its direct pen-picture of the Imperial leper at the end of his rope. With William the absconder, the laughing stock of the whole world, with none so foolish as to do him reverence, the coda of the poem now takes on the significance of a prophecy that has come true. The exposition of the arch-criminal's plans and hopes—"he would agree with every word you have written and would only wonder how you got his conceits down so pat" writes a friendly counsellor—in the sections that lead up to the coda becomes therefore, it is hoped, a kind of ready reference, a convenient and almost autobiographical and self-revelatory summary of the Evil Thing that the Teutonic mind evoked to the counter-point of the Wagnerian sword motif and the Nibelungen philosophy. An

---

---

J E H O V A H, G O D O F B A T T L E S

---

---

Evil Thing which is already a dimming memory of an almost unimaginable and hideous nightmare of stark unrealities, but which, in February–March, 1918, what with the Hohenzollern bombast still clogging the cables and the Siegfried, Brunnhilde, Alberich and Wotan battle lines in France still impregnable, was a very appalling reality indeed.

H. M. W.

January 1, 1919.



---

---

JEHOVAH, GOD OF BATTLES

---

---

JEHOVAH, GOD OF BATTLES, UP  
TO DATE

THE GERMAN GOD

Victory!

*Allegro Energico.*

*Soliloquy by William II on the eve of  
Palm Sunday, 1918.*

*Scene—The Cabinet de Travail in the  
Palace at Potsdam.*

*The Kaiser is looking out at the window  
over the park which darkens under the spring  
twilight. By his side, on a small table, lies  
an antique sword, Roman, with straight  
T-shaped handle, and a large Bible with  
many slips of crimson ribbon inserted in its  
pages to indicate certain books and texts upon  
which he has requested memoranda from the  
Imperial Chaplains and Pastors in order to  
pick out the text for the victory sermon.*

---

---

JEHOVAH, GOD OF BATTLES

---

---

*Through the closed doors of the Cabinet come, at times, the faint tones of a piano on which some attaches of the Palace are playing. Fragments from the Nibelungen music drama are heard and particularly the "Song of the Sword" from Siegfried. As the Kaiser's ear catches the Sword Motif he takes his hand from the Bible which he was about to open, beats time on the window pane with his finger and exclaims:*

**J**AH, "Nothung, Nothung, neidliches Schwert," indeed!

Jah, "Todt lagst du in Trummern dort," too long!

But now this blade, the German sword's alive,  
Its motif sounds through all the quickened  
earth,

Its long-time forging true was not in vain.  
The Master never wrote a better line;  
Nor more prophetic, though most ears were  
dull

And eyes were blind to what it signified.

---

---

J E H O V A H, G O D O F B A T T L E S

---

---

From Rheingold to the final score the call  
Thrills every soul who knows his race and  
    name;  
The German folk, whose ways were e'er of  
    peace,  
Yet, trained by me, know how to go to war;  
Sons of the sword, Lords of the flashing  
    blade,  
"Die Falschen" shattered as by Siegfried's  
    might,  
As France, wild for revenge, lured by the  
    lies,  
The lies of Albion, is spent at last,  
Snared and betrayed by friends as false as  
    weak,  
Whose punishment, delayed, is certain, sure,  
As "hands across the sea" stretch empty,  
The gestures, like the words, full impotent!  
Since time fights with and for us to the last  
Our dice are loaded with the weight of men,  
Our heavier battalions, winners all,  
Whose triumph, all the world must now  
    confess.

---

---

JEHOVAH, GOD OF BATTLES

---

---

Nor wrought the folk,nor swung they sword,  
in vain;  
And so in forge, on farm and battlefront  
We have secured and kept our heritage.  
Facing the rising sun, we seek our place  
And shall not be denied our lot therein;  
Since, lo, we celebrate deeds uncompar'd,  
Success beyond all seeming chance and range  
Of human prowess, irresistible;  
More than we hoped for was predestinate,  
As if ripe fruit, or rotten, fell by winds  
Sent by our God who smiles upon our cause,  
The end made to our hands and by them too.  
While we prepare te deums for our hosts,  
Our enemies repeat trisagions,  
Their kyries our triumph-liers in fact,  
The Dies irae of a world in flames.  
But not the "saeclum in favilla" yet;  
Since I, protector, not the wrathful judge,  
Will save the remnant through our glorious  
peace;  
Our peace, not theirs, for so the world is  
bound—

---

---

J E H O V A H, G O D O F B A T T L E S

---

---

And bound, must look to us to heal its  
wounds,  
Must seek the balm of our own Gilead,  
That, as of old, awaits my royal touch.  
And whom I heal, and whom I shall pass by,  
Is all as I elect and God decrees.  
But, as I stand the victor, all is plain;  
My task is but begun; like husbandman,  
With cunning hands upon the worn-out stock  
Of ancient cultures, opposites, I'll graft  
Our own and let the world bear German fruit,  
What'er its origins or race intent.  
They well may bend in bough as twig's  
inclined,  
And I'll reset as well as find the twig  
And fix the inclination at my will.  
If they hold back I'll crush the brood of hate  
With no more twinges than the gardener  
knows,  
Who, booted, stalks along the sanded path,  
And treads the myriad ants which idly  
swarm,  
A realm in petto, ground beneath his heel!

---

---

J E H O V A H, G O D O F B A T T L E S

---

---

And so with me the larger purposes,  
My own and God's, control. Those who  
oppose  
Bring their own ruin as in Belgium  
Whose incapacity in time of stress,  
Self-violation of the neutral oath,  
Deprived it of its separate estate;  
And dark Armenia whose hidden plots,  
Born of old schisms, ancient heresies,  
Fanatic stubbornness, have doomed it quite;  
And Serbia strutting, when it should have  
crept  
Before us humbly, tripped and fell full prone.  
The stiff-necked ever thus invite their fate,  
And stumbling bring the world about their  
ears.

I WILLED this not, nor planned a world  
at war,  
But those of Islam, men who walk with  
God,  
If not in our own way at least in theirs—  
How well they walk is lesson to us all—

---

---

J E H O V A H, G O D O F B A T T L E S

---

---

With vision, say 'tis "Kismet!" And, of  
truth,

Since God reveals His hand in history,  
Gracious to those who know His mind and  
way,

As says the Koran, there is fixed a term  
To every Nation and the issue's joined.  
When it is passed, no respite, all is o'er;  
Chance knocks upon the Door of Life but  
once!

Light hearts, light hands, nor hear the knock  
nor ope,

The feeble beat upon the bolts in vain.

So pass my enemies whose term is up

As I seize all as ready legatee.

Prepared! all things escheat as if by rote.

Unreadiness is its own punishment

As they well know who cry in pain "too late,"

Finding us masters where they idly ruled.

I waste no time o'er their deep miseries;

For weaklings jeopardize all sovereignty;

The chain sums up the weakest link in  
strength.

---

---

J E H O V A H, G O D O F B A T T L E S

---

---

And laggard nations, which are out of pace,  
Shall never clog nor stop our chariot wheels,  
Nor shall they halt the progress of the  
world.

Their fell disease calls loudly for the knife,  
Lest it contaminate the healthy flesh,  
And, like contagion, spread beyond control.  
Cruel in deed, am I, but kind in fact,  
And know the stroke that cleaves and like-  
wise cleans,

Which, multiplied in war's enmillioned  
might,

Saves by its very menace. For, disguised,  
War is the benison for us, for all,  
The double blessing to a nation torn;  
New valors blossom in the humblest heart,  
New virtues spring where once was selfish-  
ness,

And all the folk at one in sacred cause,  
Sloughing their sins as if confessed of God,  
Are shrived as though before the judgment  
seat.

For lo, while Europe, slothful, lay asleep,

---

---

JEHOVAH, GOD OF BATTLES

---

---

I saw the fiery dragon in the sky,  
More frightful than a Fafner; saw, in sooth,  
The Yellow Peril, and opposed my might,  
Mailed as to fist, and armed from top to toe,  
And faced the menace but to see it fade  
Before our threat of might and majesty.  
Woe, woe to them who stand athwart my  
path.

The Goth is my exemplar to the end,  
In Attila I see myself forecast,  
Flagella peccatorum, as our Lord.  
For I am Jahveh's sword and doubled-edged.  
An instrument devoted in his hands;  
A scourge of God in fact as well as fame,  
Who sums the Hun in all his ruthlessness,  
But, like the fire, a cauter and a cure!

SO I have fought the fight and kept the  
faith  
E'en as my allies, quick of ear and  
hand,

Who keep with me the sacred word and strive  
Under the banner of the Caliphate.

---

---

J E H O V A H, G O D O F B A T T L E S

---

---

Pawns in my play who move as I direct.  
This is the law of Nations and of right,  
The "must" and "ought" of Kant's impera-  
tive,

The category of the ruling mind,  
That keeps the conscience and the State as  
one.

This is the inspiration of success,  
The cause and conduct of a war most just.  
Nations no less than Nature must obey  
The universal rule that seeks the fit  
And arms them with the right divine to live,  
Surviving while their enemies are crushed.  
Darwin is ours! his law we have applied  
As law of action, superseding cults,  
Since war selects unerringly its own.  
While some are raised to honor, victis vae!  
Treitschke foresaw, foretold, forewarned  
them all

In open prophecy of that great day,  
When force and frightfulness the direful  
means,  
Direful for those who sat with folded hands,

---

---

JEHOVAH, GOD OF BATTLES

---

---

Would bring the sure result in certain time  
As we prepared the nation to a man.  
And gave the countersign of hope to all;  
Strike without mercy, slay without a trace!  
Our knights whose cloak is white if cross be  
black—

The omen is propitious to our cause—  
For ever set their seal upon our way;  
The olden way that suits our cause today.  
And stand the model of our conquering  
hosts.

Who have, in newer Tannenberg, redeemed  
Their marshes, reddened with the martyr  
blood

Of those who set our feet upon the path  
Of empire through the sure Teutonic soul,  
Strengthening the stroke of surer Teuton  
sword,

Time's long-delayed requital at our hands;  
Lex talionis, law of tooth and claw,  
As we revenge ourselves for all the past,  
None left with eyes but those that weep  
their fate!

WAGNER was right, the sword is  
over all.  
And would a greater might arise to  
set

A newer scoring for this flashing steel  
Our own Excalibur, a sacred sign!  
Our "in hoc signo vinces," by the sword,  
And not the cross as Constantine averred,  
Who, wearied, saw, on high in Rhenish  
lands,  
His haloed labarum in blazing sky;  
In terror of the omen, full distraught,  
Grasped at the shadow and misread the sign.  
For, hold the blade with handle upright, so,  
The chorus does it very well in "Faust,"  
And e'er the blood-wet weapon turns a  
cross.

But still for that it is the blade that wins,  
And *won* for Constantine as all men know.  
So we reverse the omen to our gain.  
In signo hoc—The sword our only sign!  
Who did not grasp this fact but only knew  
The little arc of their own destiny,

---

---

JEHOVAH, GOD OF BATTLES

---

---

Nor saw the greater circle which I scanned,  
Have brought this ruin on themselves, the  
fools!

They read the story but to miss the point,  
We make the past convenient steppingstones,  
Or fingerposts that point the only way,  
Or charted seas with all shoals indicate.  
And I in Russia have applied the hint  
And made their present debtor to our past.  
As Friedrich knew that Poland could not  
live

Save as a vassal of a greater line,  
Since all things whirl inexorably by law,  
Each center with attendant satellites,  
Quiring in harmony and lasting peace,  
As once proud Rome, the golden hub, con-  
trolled

All destinies. Gained not by single stroke,  
As when Caligula, an ass in boots,  
Wished that his enemies had but one neck,  
But surely, each in turn, till all were won.  
"Divide and conquer," 'twas the ancient  
aim,

Which we apply in quintessential force,  
As fortune shows the way and eke the means.  
E'en as the Caesars glorified the rule,  
Inheritors of all their greater lore,  
Roman in all but name, we take our own.  
And take it first; by that the game is won.  
Enslaved by me the conquered do our tasks.  
I leave to them their self-determined way  
So long as they promote the end desired;  
The end that justifies our every deed.  
Nor quarrel I o'er means that get results;  
Since war is war, why count the units lost?  
The mass is all that matters in the main,  
Who counts the eggs that made the omelet?  
For omnia prona victoribus was writ  
Of England conquered and full bound in  
chains.

Victors the world will grovel at your feet  
Where conquered you accept their jibes and  
gyves.

“Auferre, trucidare, rapere,”

Says Tacitus of Britain's ancient woes.

“Yes, rape and rapine,” so his venom runs,

---

---

JEHOVAH, GOD OF BATTLES

---

---

“Misnamed as Empire overcame the world.”  
With appetite beyond the chance to glut,  
Since “Quos non Oriens, non Occidens  
Et satiaverit,” they quote at me.

“Nor East nor West could satisfy their  
greed.

With equal avid wish, abundance, want  
The rich, the poor they coveted and seized.”  
And yet, and yet, their bounds, periphery,  
The urbs et orbis, circle of the lands,  
Spite of the slanders, words of British hate,  
Where’er the conqueror went were blessed  
with peace;

That Pax Romana that redeemed the earth,  
As now that peace that comes alone through  
me,

My peace to which I’ll dedicate a shrine—  
Our Ara Pacis more imperial  
Than that Augustus raised with easy fame,  
Rome’s latest wonder, pigmy though to mine  
As Leipzig’s monument forecasts in bulk—  
And glorify as Pax, Pax Candida,  
Shining fore’er as Pax Germanica!

**T**HEY whine o'er this and cry "Atrocities!"

And scream o'er women plotters,  
rightly slain,  
Of loose-lived soldiers by us crucified,  
A warning seen but once not soon forgot,  
And quote the Massacre of Innocents.  
Well, Herod is traduced through lying text;  
The Matthew Gospel stands in this impure.  
Then, as of me, they spread the cunning tale,  
Maligned the Imperial dignity and power,  
Imputed evils that their mind evoked.  
But if it were necessity, all's well!  
I join the tetrarch, nor condemn the act  
When it is done for purposes of State;  
Women and children first, lest they should  
prove  
Impedimenta that might block our way,  
Since infants make a ready blind for men  
And tottering peasants screen an ambushade.  
So let them prattle of our blood and iron;  
And I will answer with the roar of guns.  
My Empire is the cannon's farthest range,

---

---

J E H O V A H, G O D O F B A T T L E S

---

---

Its limits marked alone by force of arms,  
Where flies the flag o'er sea, where tread my  
troops!

This is my challenge flung both far and wide.  
No bounds of Hercules in narrowed strait  
Confine us to the seas as known of old;  
The Baltic and the Middle Seas our own,  
The ocean turned into a German lake.  
This is "Der Tag" we toasted to the skies,  
And this expansion is but Nature's law,  
And its accomplishment a holy cause,  
Our Jihad, dear to me and all my line,  
Since our brave banner bears the one device,  
As supermen the supramundum cry;  
The Fatherland o'er all, o'er all the world.

**V**ICTOR abroad, at home my will is  
law  
In court and temple, fane and syna-  
gogue,  
Semite and anti-Semite do my will,  
And all the Christian faiths hang on my  
word.

---

---

JEHOVAH, GOD OF BATTLES

---

---

No bleak Canossa lies before my path,  
Matilda's fame is "writ in water;" bah!  
The Vatican's decrees sing small indeed,  
They talk of "peace," "impartiality";  
I laugh aloud, indeed, both first and last,  
And who would not who stands behind the  
                  scenes

And moves them all; mere marionettes that  
                  dance

As puppet rulers as I pull the strings.  
Their non-cathedra murmurings are vain,  
Mere tinkling brass, solemn but empty  
                  sound.

My sanction supersedes their canon law,  
Their "imprimatur" is my manual,  
The text is theirs, the inspiration mine.  
They know a Fontainebleau awaits them all,  
So they dissemble, and, with feeble show  
Of power, "thunder in the indices,"  
Unheard beyond the Tiber's muddy banks,  
And there unknown save in Trastevere  
Within the Pope's own court of Damasus.  
Our Cardinals, 'tis true, have all the port

---

---

J E H O V A H, G O D O F B A T T L E S

---

---

And ancient pomp of princes of the realm.  
He of Cologne is Bourbon to the hat,  
As arrogant as Hildebrand himself,  
But Hildebrand in exile knew the day  
Of disillusion and of shattered hopes,  
The punishment for pride that rode to fall.  
The Countess failed him at the last, his  
    threats  
Re-echoed idly in St. Angelo;  
Things not set out in Papal histories.  
Today they'd play the same old, worn-out  
    tricks  
With Munich as their latest stalking horse,  
Where, lo, the Civil hides the Prelate's robe.  
But I will thwart them at the proper time;  
They know not Luther, Reuchlin is forgot,  
Erasmus as if not, but we shall see.  
A newer Kultur-kampf may ope their eyes,  
The Sistine know the calibre of guns,  
And dogma yield to lay majorities  
When backed by bombs and zeppelins in  
    flight  
And all to force, and so the circle's run.

---

---

J E H O V A H, G O D O F B A T T L E S

---

---

Yet they extend my person and my power  
Since all must bow before me and obey.  
Just as the Jews, though ingrates, are of use;  
In race apart they know no Nation's heart,  
Exiled, "dispersed" from far Judean soil,  
They, like Antaeus out of touch with earth,  
Have lost their fighting spirit once their wont  
And find their "Promised Land" in lanes of  
trade,  
The "milk and honey" in the interest rate.  
Unstable as a woman's whims they cower,  
But garner where our steel has reaped the  
grain.  
Their bankers cried that they "would have  
no war."  
Poof, poof, like down before the gale their  
weight  
When war broke out and boundaries dis-  
appeared,  
And credit, like the laws, or stood or fell  
As arms determined and the battle's gage.  
I'll teach them what the Ghetto really  
means,

I'll have the synagogues reform their ways,  
And quote the prophets to sustain my throne.  
And new phylacteries shall spell my wish,  
Instead of mumbo-jumbo for a text  
Mere amulets of Bedouins at the best.  
If they plot anarchy as is the wont  
Of kith and kin in Russia, vermin all,  
They'll face a Pale from Posen to the sea  
And know the clink of something else than  
gold.

**B**UT I full know their cultus helps my  
cause,  
For e'en the Koran is a mine of  
wealth,

Its Suras filled with pregnant rules of life,  
Of racial law, domestic wisdom too,  
Since all the East is wise in its own way.  
And we may profit while we hold our own  
Compelling tribute to the State's one aim,  
Its strength in numbers knowing but our will.  
But this is vain if numbers melt away  
Before the stress of war without recoup

And men and women turn to epicenes—  
Forgetting “Male and female made He  
them”

Like to the birds in air, the beasts in field  
Nor spoiled by manners of the close or cage—  
As pundits quarrel over customs, means,  
And crown virginity with claustral phrase,  
And empty cradles menace e'en the throne.  
Man-strength is but the babe-in-arms of age.  
Yet we sit idle while the sands run out  
And think of marriage as a chance caprice,  
One man, one mate, as if the law of God.  
Not so the record nor the unbroken rule,  
As my professors, quick on ancient ways,  
Eager to serve me with safe precedents  
Of customs certified by sure results  
And fitted to our modern idiom,  
Rooted in Ayran race and origin,  
Have proved in brochures irrefutable!  
The Talmud, in the face of facts, allows  
The long familiar habit of the folk,  
Yet sets no seal, no more than Islam does,  
Of prim approval on the equal bond

Of twain as one, since need must e'er decide  
The moral obligations of the State.

And I decide what custom must approve;  
The State's summed up in me and fixed in  
mine!

And in this crisis, lo, our course is clear,  
One duty falls with equal force on all.  
As war upsets the olden rule of life,  
The law, command divine, "Increase and  
multiply";

The cornerstone by God, ordained of old,  
Should be for us a potent lease of power.  
Mahomet proved the seer in this, nor stood  
Upon lax preachments; yet, we, weak, recoil,  
E'en though the Mormon State has proved  
anew

That chastity is but the soul's intent.  
The home is oft the harem, thin disguised,  
And childless, loveless, too, a hollow sham,  
So out upon this cheap hypocrisy  
And let us take the lesson to our hearts,  
Find newer virtue in new sacrifice.  
Let women ne'er forget their "rule of three,"

---

---

JEHOVAH, GOD OF BATTLES

---

---

Church, chores and children, sole and only  
aim,  
And make the family, as of old, the fount  
And firm foundation of a lasting State.  
Nor hazard future years by false ideas.  
The people at their best, our brawn and  
brain,  
Are but the shadow of my competence.  
And I will shape them to our signal ends.  
Yea, "regis voluntas suprema lex,"  
My will *is* law in forum and in field!

**I** STAND upon the pinnacle of fame,  
A new Assyria rises into view.  
Austria, my vassal, at my beck and call,  
With kings and princes as my satrapies,  
For Alexander, Caesar, Charlemagne,  
Ne'er knew such triumphs as are ours by  
arms.

For lo, as from a lofty mountain height  
The Kingdoms of the world laid out in plan,  
Reticulate as if from 'plane in flight,  
Are spread as feast before my searching eyes,

Which catch a glory of the Greater East  
Reflecting glory of the Greater West.  
Theodoric who flung his mighty dare  
O'er the Isonzo set for me the pace;  
And with Napoleon in Egyptian sands  
I've looked to Gaza and to Lebanon,  
"Partant Pour Syrie" as my lullaby,  
And sensed the Orient in golden dreams,  
My fancy visioning its strange delights  
As Haroun trod the streets in chance disguise,  
And intrigue, in the cloak of sheer Romance,  
Gave Narrative compelling mystery.—  
So, musing o'er the magic of its lands,  
Wondrous their past and possibilities,  
Whose plains have ever held my deep desires,  
Whose hills my ardent hopes, where old and  
new  
Meet on the shining way that leads at last  
Past Bagdad to the seas that wash the Ind  
Under the yellow moon of Schahriar,  
Beneath the rose tree where old Omar sleeps,  
And through the fastnesses of Afghan gorge,

---

---

J E H O V A H, G O D O F B A T T L E S

---

---

With Delitsch I have lived the lives of old,  
Restored in splendor Asshurbanipal,  
Symbol of all my plans of empery,  
Spawned in the East, perfected in the West.  
A second Constantine, I, on the Rhine,  
Which, safely German, laves its banks in  
peace,

No longer subject to Ovidian sneers,  
The "Rhenus squalidus" 'midst "broken  
reeds,"

Shall, lo, evoke the West that is our East  
And East that's West as our own leaven  
works.

Russia my footstool, washpot, too, in fact,  
The Euxine held by us in simple fee,  
The Golden Horn, a bauble in our hands,  
The Drang nach Osten realized at last;  
Where we may bask and stretch ourselves  
at ease,

Yes, in the sun at his meridian height.  
For I have trod the Holy Land and gazed  
In silence on grey-walled Gethsemane,  
And, from on high, on sloping Olivet,

---

---

JEHOVAH, GOD OF BATTLES

---

---

Saw mine own tower o'er Jerusalem,  
Triumphant rising in the Muristan;  
Above all domes and minarets supreme,  
Supreme o'er David's tower and battle-  
ments;

A prophecy of my intent and will.  
And had they read it better for them all.  
For more was broken down than olden walls  
And parapets of Solymein the Great,  
When, through the breach that looks toward  
Joppa, I,

Acclaimed by all, came in a Paladin,  
In shining panoply in knightly guise,  
A second Barbarossa, aye, in state,  
And shared the privileges oft denied  
The great in dim and inner secret shrines.  
Damascus too paid tribute to my aim;  
Like Saul I found there my apostolate.  
With eager ardor as of convert's zeal,  
In prayer before the tomb of Saladin,  
In firm resolve to follow where he lead,  
I pressed the lesson of unscabbared might;  
"Protector of the Faithful" for all time.

---

---

J E H O V A H, G O D O F B A T T L E S

---

---

With my Megiddo not a threshing floor,  
Scant in extent if meeting-place of kings,  
Ensanguined by the blood of centuries,  
But world-wide in its swelling amplitude!  
Had I but gone to Mecca, Ah, in truth,  
Arabia at my feet, the desert bound  
In fealty of faith to my own whims,  
Would follow, camel-wise, where'er I led.  
I'll have a fetva yet, for what are creeds  
To those who tread the higher ways of life—  
And King and Kaiser, I'll be Caliph too;  
Lord of all Asia and the whirling globe.

**A** NEWER Petrus, I; I, too, have seen  
The vision of the heavenly sheet let  
down

And know the meaning of the clear com-  
mand

“Consider nothing common or unclean!”  
We Germans know our destiny, our fate,  
Our learning is for all a tonic draft  
Of living waters from the sacred rock,  
A panacea seen by Malachi,

---

---

J E H O V A H, G O D O F B A T T L E S

---

---

That Sun of Righteousness whose radiant  
beams

Light up the earth with glory all its own.  
Through me the synthesis of all belief,  
The universal solvent, Alcahest,  
Philosophy with all its dross expurged,  
Becomes the touchstone of my people's weal.  
For gods are made in man's own image, aye,  
And badly made at that in foolishness  
As all the deities invent, attest.

Chemosh and Marduk, Moloch all are one  
Squabbling like vultures o'er the carrion  
fields

Of war, and eager for the praise of men;  
The praise of men who cry them, "Victors  
all!"

These be the gods of old, e'en Israel's—  
Jahveh is Judah 'tween the cherubim,  
While "Allah" is but Arab written large.  
The desert spawns its prophets as the sand  
Yields up the incense-bearing shrubbery.  
The elders walk with God, the young cry out  
Their burning visions to the passers-by;

---

---

J E H O V A H, G O D O F B A T T L E S

---

---

The very "res angustae" give them point.  
When gaunt of body, lo, the soul expands,  
And, starved at home, they spread their  
truths abroad,

For logothetes were early in the field  
In Babylon as at Byzantium.

But I would strike the balance with them all.  
Combine the logos with the blade that rules.  
But for the sword, Mohammed might have  
mused

Upon the Meccan housetops all in vain,  
Hailed as a babbler, dreamer of vain dreams,  
And jeered and hooted in the market place.  
But, lo, when from Medina swept his horde,  
Fire in their eye and fury in their heart,  
Who neither asked, nor quarter gave, in  
sooth,

The Empire rose again in the Eastern lands,  
And Allah and his prophet claimed their  
due.

And like Jehovah, or the earlier line  
Of village deities, the parish bonds  
Were burst asunder by the feat of arms,

---

---

JEHOVAH, GOD OF BATTLES

---

---

And swift dominion came with sword and  
book

And book proved by the sword became the  
law.

As our Kultur is now before the world.  
For, in the melting-pot, faiths equalize;  
And so with Allah mine, our Lord still  
shrined,

Yet I am not unmindful of our own,  
The ancient runes of wood-folk, hero-bred,  
Who know the fetish and its magic power;  
The Bismarck "turms" upon the ancient  
heights,

Druidic altars of the empire's birth,  
Like Baal-fires kindled as a warning sign;  
Or, as our Mars, the giant Hindenburg,  
Colossal idol of the people's hopes,  
Studded with golden nails, a new taboo  
Our procul, procul, O, profani, Ah,  
The Ur-mind harking to its olden call.

An avatar of ancient fearlessness,  
An Ariovistus in the flesh once more.  
But, lo, a chief whom fortune never fails—

---

---

JEHOVAH, GOD OF BATTLES

---

---

The jade does ever favor those who seize  
Her by the scruff, deaf to all niceties—  
Thus we improve the breed and sturdy stock,  
React to all the heart-pull of the race.  
And, as the Valkyrs sweep the darkening sky,  
With neigh of horse and scurry of the hoofs  
And flash of fire mid thunder in the vault,  
Our Wotan, Thor and Loki rise in sight  
Our Northern forbears, yes, our three in one,  
Their contradictions all resolved by me,  
The Norns the servants of my destiny.  
Myself the arbiter of fate and faith  
Et deum inveniam aut faciam,  
I'll find a god or make one to my taste—  
Since by my right on earth, vice regent, I,  
In essence Godlike in my Majesty  
Summus episcopus, I thus declare  
This thing amalgamate from Holy Writ,  
Disjecta membra of the old beliefs,  
Welded be me, as Siegmund's broken shards  
Into the tempered blade that nought with-  
stood,  
The Norseland sagas, Islam's litanies,

---

---

## JEHOVAH, GOD OF BATTLES

---

---

The Vedic Hymns and Iran's mystic rites,  
Lore of the East and wisdom of the West,  
Jehovah, God of Battles, up to date,  
Improved by me in world-compelling cult,  
Once tribal now shall dominate the earth:—  
Judea's hilltop Lord, the German God,  
Der alte Gott der Deutschen und der Welt,  
But ruling not alone, aye, not alone!

### THE PEACE OF JOSHUA

*Allegro Trionfale.*

*The Kaiser turns abruptly, picks up the Bible and begins to finger the different marked places, his eye lighting up as he notes the familiar and favorite texts and, carefully readjusting certain of the markers, he continues his musing:*

THEY ask me to select the victory  
text.  
Aye, they do well—It must be done  
with care,  
With full regard to our dynastic claims

---

---

J E H O V A H, G O D O F B A T T L E S

---

---

And what this people mean before the world.  
I will not have a war of petty creeds  
Splitting thin hairs of doctrine in my cause.  
In this great moment of the Empire's life,  
One thought, one mind, one heart, one hope  
is ours,

The pulpit may embellish, give its gloss,  
And suit the language to its auditors,  
Simple or high and rich or poor or great,  
Small is the difference so they follow me;  
As ships lie moored at anchorage and veer  
And float this way and that as shifts the tide,  
But ever steadfast to the hidden chains  
That keep them in the channel and the  
course,

So I would hold all anchored to my will  
And to the word that vindicates our cause.  
To fix the mob-mind is a care of State.  
And these the shepherds of the flock should  
learn

How best to drive and what the path shall be.  
I'll have the rectors work the problem out  
And let the pastors echo my ideas,

---

---

J E H O V A H, G O D O F B A T T L E S

---

---

With each professor prophesying too.  
The text, from Old or New, it matters not,  
Save that the message ring out loud and  
clear

With due respect to what the sword has won  
These are the compass points of my concern,  
The North and South of all my policy.

No Caesar, pontifex as well as dux,  
E'er saw a world so helpless at his feet.

My apotheosis at last is nigh;

The auguries must be manipulate,

The signs uphold me in my deep designs.

I'll brook no play of empty phrase to prove  
Some fond perversion of plans foreordained.

No; nothing left to chance lest feeble wits,  
Whose hearts are not much softer than their  
heads,

Should seek with muddled vision to confuse

The growing testament that vindicates

Our every deed—The Law, the Prophets, too,

The Gospel and Epistles, word for word,

Whose myriad texts like clouds of witnesses  
Yield richest savor, incense for our cause

---

---

JEHOVAH, GOD OF BATTLES

---

---

Interpreted by rubrics all mine own.  
So those who cry of "ploughshares, pruning  
    hooks,"  
Like children playing on the cliff edge stand  
In slippery places menaced by my wrath.  
For I will none of this; hew to the line,  
Stand by your guns, exult and magnify!

**E**'EN Jesus, who is Joshua new spelled—  
    A Joshua too much compassionate  
    Whose views are not in full accord  
    with mine,  
Yet hath He said, "To Caesar render all  
Of tribute that is his and eke to God  
The measure that is His in equal part."  
So thus he recognized the state supreme—  
They would misquote. And yet He counsels  
    war—  
Bernhardi notes it in his argument—  
Cries out, "I come not here to send you  
    peace,  
But lo, a sword, as is my father's wish."  
He knew his mission as do I know mine.

---

---

JEHOVAH, GOD OF BATTLES

---

---

But as the clangors of the bells succeed  
The diapason of the battlefields,  
I fain would quote the elder texts that  
    breathe  
The throb and threat of men in bloody  
    shock;  
Texts filled with wrath divine that seeks  
    no peace:—  
“Their youth shall die, no remnant shall be  
    left,  
The men of Anathoth shall know our God,  
The Lord of Hosts, and die there by His  
    sword.”  
So Jeremiah strikes the tonic key,  
And with him is Ezekiel, whose words  
Roll out and on as distant sound of drums,  
Bold hymns of conquest and of hearty hate.  
They sing the old song of the sword, not  
    new,  
As, lo, it slaked its thirst in thousands slain  
As God reached down among Judean hills,  
And cities fell, their smoke a cloud by day  
And fiery pillar in the purple night.

---

---

J E H O V A H, G O D O F B A T T L E S

---

---

Why palter we, or falter, when we read  
The adjuration all so plainly writ:  
Exult with these of old who slew and sang,  
And sang just as they slew, as we do now.  
But no one text can satisfy today.  
I would a chorus sang in sweeping tones,  
The words of Deborah in ecstasy;  
Or with the timbrel followed Miriam's song,  
For she rejoiced in Pharaoh's hosts o'er-  
                  whelmed  
And knew her God was lord of those who  
                  fight.  
Yea, shout aloud so that the world may  
                  hear:—  
"For Saul has slain his thousands," Oh,  
                  rejoice,  
"And David multiplied the blow by tens."  
Paltry these numbers as we count our dead,  
A thousand thousand and still incomplete,  
Laid on the altar of the Fatherland,  
A willing offer from us all to bind  
With blood my august rule and sacred  
                  throne!

**T**HEY send Ecclesiastes for a text;  
For says the Preacher well, There's  
time to love,  
And time to hate, yes hate, and time to war,  
And then, in sooth, he holds a time of grace.  
The kind of grace is matter for our will.  
But Samuel, Kings and both the Chronicles  
Bear witness that our conquest is of right.  
We are the besom of the living God,  
The chosen to secure His righteous rule.  
Fools, fools, who pass by Judges, Genesis,  
Nor know the lessons taught by Exodus.  
Each verse and chapter forms the Book of  
Fate;  
A light unto my path, a lamp, indeed,  
To mine own feet that took the open road.  
The road that ends in victory supreme!  
King David is our hope for every act,  
Reprisals have God's full authority:  
"Reward them as they serve thee," thus  
one Psalm,  
"And happy they who take the little ones  
And dash their heads against the very stones."

---

---

J E H O V A H, G O D O F B A T T L E S

---

---

Nor do the others fail me in support,  
My favorite, the Ninety-third, rings true,  
Drysander uses it with marked effect.  
And when I hear it quoted in the Dom,  
Or sung as Psalter, to myself I cry  
'Tis I; they sing of me, I'm Majesty,  
The words but changed, the phrases are of  
me,  
"The Lord is clothed with Majesty and  
strength,  
His throne is, yea, of old, and is not moved,  
The Testimonies of his words are sure,  
And, mightier than the sea in all its rage,  
The voice of many nations and the storm,  
Is Majesty upon its awful throne."  
My throne IS awful as I sit the judge  
Upon these people who provoke my wrath.  
And then the Twenty-fourth is balm indeed,  
Balm and the wind that stirs the very  
soul.  
Strange that the Pastoral, the Twenty-third,  
That "babbles of green fields" and quiet  
pools,

---

---

J E H O V A H, G O D O F B A T T L E S

---

---

Of shepherds gently guarding tender sheep,  
Should preface such a vision of my might.  
For what is this? “Lift up your heads, ye  
gates,

Be lifted up, ye everlasting doors,  
Belifted that the King”—aye, what a line!—  
“The King of Glory may come in in pomp.  
Who is the King of Glory?” How it stirs!  
“The Lord of Hosts, of Sabaoth, is King,”  
Indeed my king fore’er, and, as I read,  
I see myself in cavalcade sweep through  
The Brandenburger gate while all cry out  
“Our King of Glory is come in!” Or, more,  
In that great dream of dreams, when ’neath  
the Arch,

The Arch of Triumph, with its chains  
removed,

I stride, the Master, “Lift your heads, ye  
gates!

And be ye lifted, everlasting doors,”  
The crowd should cry aloud as if compelled  
By awe of me, the All-highest, as they see  
The princes join in homage as I pass.

**A**ND now the day of Palms, the day of  
days,  
Is here at last, the day long prophe-  
sied.

And as I hear the text, "Hosannah, hail,"  
The words ring in my ears as bells of joy,  
My accolade from those who know my rights,  
"Hosannah, blest the King of Israel,  
Who cometh in the name of God Himself."  
So John narrates the moving scene of old.  
I read it with the inner light and see  
Myself in triumph midst the palms, the world,  
Remade by me, its ruler, at my feet.  
"For, lo, they went before him bearing  
palms."

Yes, palmam qui meruit, who more than I?  
Ah, that my star combine the Easter burst  
Of splendor, and this charnel house of war  
Become the open tomb of newer life,  
Ne'ersensed by man and known to God alone,  
Of newer life and opportunities.—  
But to the text, that is my great concern;  
Upon its aptness hangs a new success.

---

---

J E H O V A H, G O D O F B A T T L E S

---

---

The Prophets speak of unrelenting hate  
Of those who knew the sword, and, humbled,  
find

Themselves a portion for the foxes, Ah,  
“Defile the house and fill the courts with slain,  
And multiply them in the streets at will,  
The terror of the sword let loose without,  
And pestilence within and famine dire,”  
“Let Midianites as one be safely slain;  
Because the Lord is with those who pursue  
The sword of God and Gideon prevails.”  
What richness in the texts; what range of  
choice!

The lesson must be plain to all, nor hid,  
So let all speak and not equivocate.

I'D HAVE them use the Book of Joshua.  
It's full of meat as honeycomb of sweets,  
Telling of Hittite feuds, of Amorites,  
Amalekites at bay, then smitten sore;  
Leaves nothing out that justifies our wars;  
The sack of Ai and haughty Jericho,  
Of Gibeon and Hebron in the South;

---

---

J E H O V A H, G O D O F B A T T L E S

---

---

Of Jericho, whose walls fell prone, nor rose,  
Of Gibeon, whose kings fell in their pride  
And all the country far and wide laid waste,  
Makkedah, Debir, Hazor, in the plains,  
The plains of Chinneroth and Gezer, too,  
Lachish and Eglon, Libnah by the sword,  
The sword of him who stayed the setting sun  
And held the wandering moon o'er Ajalon,  
The sign and symbol of his victory,  
Who fought the foes of God as I have done  
And by His favor smote them hip and thigh  
From Gaza unto Goshen, nor did rest  
Till one-and-thirty kings were in the toils,  
Caught in the snare and hanged at fall of night,  
Upon the one-and-thirty gibbets hanged,  
Then thrown at evening, such the common lot,  
In carrion pit, all utterly destroyed  
And those who followed stricken to a man,  
Nor spared the youth, nor women, babes at  
    breast,  
Who knew, as God smiled on his handiwork,  
In sooth, His peace, the peace of Joshua:  
His peace, in truth, the only peace for me.

---

---

JEHOVAH, GOD OF BATTLES

---

---

I'll have this preached within the Dom,  
    proclaimed  
From all the pulpits throughout all the realm,  
That Joshua's peace is our own holy peace,  
The peace of Joshua, the son of Nunn,  
The peace that's by the sword and of the  
    sword,  
And for the sword, a lasting peace that holds.  
These worthies of the Bible knew their minds  
And found their God a not unwilling aid,  
As I, as I, the credit where it fits,—  
To whom the credit's due, my people know,  
So let us to the text and settle all;  
I'll put the marker, so, to keep the place,  
It lies in Chapter Ten, Verse Forty-two:  
“And all the kings and all their utmost lands  
Did Joshua take, take in his time, because  
Jehovah fought for Israel—” Enough!  
This is the text for me, the victory text,  
And let the Pastors cry it everywhere,  
The peace of Joshua, the son of Nunn,  
Jehovah's peace, won by the sword alone,  
A German peace and on our terms at last!

CODA

The Brand of Cain.

*Allegro Frenetico-Adagio Solennelle.*

*As the Kaiser lays down the Bible a look of intense satisfaction steals over his face and his gratification is so great that, as he gazes into the Park, he hums the lines from the Lorelei as set to music by Liszt, not the folk-song version of Silcher, and continues:*

**D**IE luft ist kuhl—es dunkelt—schnell;  
jah wohl,  
I like the Abbe's setting, Yes, 'tis  
cool,  
Und ruhig fließt der Rhein, der deutsche  
Rhein,  
Ah, German still because of our good sword,  
Naught else buys peace and keeps it "fest  
und treu;"  
Es dunkelt, schnell, I'll have the lights at  
once,

---

---

JEHOVAH, GOD OF BATTLES

---

---

The evening's tranquil as when Goethe wrote  
Upon the crystal pane, "O'er all the heights,"  
Und uber allen Gipfeln ist Ruh, die Ruh!  
"O'er all the heights there shines our  
German peace."

This Easter ecstasy is God's own way.  
Und uber allen Gipfeln ist Ruh, die Ruh,  
Die Ruh, die Ruh—What, who, who stalks  
within?

What khaki-clothed mummer is this man?  
The lights! The lights! Es dunkelt,  
schnell, the lights!

A Chaplain with the Stars and Stripes, full  
pale,

His voice, his voice is of the sepulcher.

His words are of the burial liturgy,

Die Luft ist kuhl; I feel a sudden chill.

A text; a text for victory, his words.

What is this mummary, this Bible drip?

**A TEXT FOR VICTORY? KNOW THEN  
'TIS WRIT.**

**THE RACE WILL FAIL INDEED THE  
BOASTFUL SWIFT,**

---

---

JEHOVAH, GOD OF BATTLES

---

---

AND PRIDE WILL LOSE THE BATTLE  
FOR THE STRONG.

THY WAR! THY VICTORY! IS GOD  
O'ERTHROWN?

LO HE THAT SITTETH IN THE  
HEAVENS SHALL LAUGH,  
IN SHEER DERISION HEAR THEE  
CRY IN VAIN;

SINCE THEY THAT DIG THE PIT  
SHALL FALL THEREIN,  
THE FOWLER TRIP HIMSELF IN HIS  
OWN SNARE.

Who speaks in riddles speaks in foolish-  
ness.—

And still he stands! this voice fills all the  
room!

Or is it murmur of the wind in trees?  
BLESSED ARE THEY WHO THIRST  
FOR RIGHTEOUSNESS  
AND HUNGER FOR IT—THEY SHALL  
ALL BE FILLED.

He would berate me with beatitudes!  
And quote the scriptures in contrariness

BLESSED ARE THEY INDEED; THE  
MEEK WITHAL,  
THEY SHALL INHERIT—

Lo, what words are these  
In stern monition from his ghastly lips?  
BE NOT DECEIVED; GOD IS NOT  
MOCKED,

LO, WHATSOEVER YE SOW THAT  
SHALL YE REAP.

AND YE THAT DRAW THE SWORD  
AND STRIVE BY IT  
SHALL PERISH BY THE SAME, SO  
SAITH THE LORD.

The Hohenzollern way runs counter-wise,  
The sword has been our stead for centuries.  
VENGEANCE IS MINE, I SHALL  
REQUIRE INDEED

AND SAVE YE NEITHER BY THE  
SWORD NOR SPEAR,  
YEA, MENE, MENE, TEKEL, UPHAR-  
SIN, HARK!

The words are gibberish as all men know.  
The thing deciphered after the event,

---

---

JEHOVAH, GOD OF BATTLES

---

---

A parable for those of kindlich mind,  
Kindlich not koniglich as is our own.  
THY DAYS ARE NUMBERED AND  
THE END IN SIGHT.  
THY KINGDOM IS FOREVER LOST  
TO THEE

Dark sayings, threadbare and without avail,  
Repeated oft and so wornout and vain.  
AND LO! THE BEAST WHOSE NAME  
WAS BLASPHEMY,  
THE HORNÉD BEAST AND CROWNÉD  
WITH THE CROWN,  
WHOSE POWER, THOUGH DRAGON-  
GIVEN, WAS NOT FORE'ER.  
THY CROWN A RIM OF FIRE UPON  
THY HEAD,  
A WRITHING SERPENT-CIRCLET,  
VENOM-FILLED!

Is this a dream, fatigue of war-tired brain,  
Or daze from too much pondering o'er the  
texts?

I'll none of it!—Ah, faced, it disappears.  
Who reads this riddle must himself be mad,

For Revelation lies 'neath Luther's ban  
The canon is in doubt, the text not sure—  
WHOSE NAME AND NUMBERS, SIX  
AND SIX AND SIX.  
SET OUT THE MONSTER VOID OF  
HEART AND SOUL  
THY NAME A HISSING IN THE HALLS  
OF MEN,  
A BYE-WORD SPAT WITH HORROR  
FROM THE LIPS.

What boots this anti-Nero haggada,  
This Armageddon clatter of the beast,  
This anti-Christ, this war of vials and seals.  
I'll prove a Daniel in the judgment seat,  
And read our primacy in every line,  
For prophecy is certain when you know;  
And Hebrew numerals arranged at will.  
Spell Caesar or the village simpleton.  
Still in my ears the voice, the form still  
seen.—

Gott, I have read too long—too long—my  
eyes!  
This ringing in my ears—It darkens fast—

What, What; He cries again!

MEN SHALL DESIRE  
AND SEEK FOR DEATH, SUCH IS  
THEIR WEIGHT OF SHAME,  
AND KNOW THE TORTURES OF THE  
DARK ABYSS,  
THE DARK ABYSS SEALED TO THE  
END OF TIME  
WITH SEVEN SEALS AND SEVEN  
MYSTERIES,  
UPON WHOSE BLOOD-RED SCROLL  
BEHOLD THE MARK,  
THE MARK OF THOSE WHO FALL  
WITH BABYLON,  
WHO FALL WITH BABYLON IN  
LASTING RUIN,  
WHO, IMPIOUS, CLAIMED THE HON-  
ORS DUE TO GOD,  
WITH THE MOST HIGH DISPUTED  
SOVEREIGNTY!  
WEIGHED THOU OF GOD AND  
FOUND AT FAULT IN ALL,

---

---

JEHOVAH, GOD OF BATTLES

---

---

THOU LEAST OF RULERS, LIFE'S  
LONE ISHMAEL.  
WHOSE HAND'S AGAINST A WORLD  
ENGULFED IN HATE  
AND THEIRS AGAINST HIM.

Ah, not so, not so!

As God's my judge the sword was forced  
on me!

And I did fight but to defend mine own,  
Before all men I swear this solemn truth!  
AND PETER SAID UNTO THE LYING  
TONGUE

“BEHOLD THE FEET OF THOSE WHO  
BORE THY MATE  
ARE COME IN HASTE WITHOUT.”  
SO MEET THY END  
FOR YE ARE TOO ABOMINATE OF  
GOD.

AND THEY THAT LOOK FOR THEE  
SHALL SEE THEE NOT,  
THOU SHALT INDEED BE BROUGHT  
TO LOWEST HELL,

---

---

JEHOVAH, GOD OF BATTLES

---

---

THE PIT SHALL BE THY FINAL REST-  
ING PLACE,  
A CARCASS TRODDEN BY THE FEET  
OF MEN.

AND ALL THE KINGS OF EVIL WHO  
ARE THERE  
WILL GREET THEE IN DERISION IN  
ITS DEPTHS.

What is this croaking? Is it of the mind?  
Am I alone, or grappling with a shade?  
THE WINE-PRESS OF THE WRATH OF  
GOD THY FATE;  
THE WINE-PRESS THOU HAST  
FILLED TO RUNNING O'ER.—  
TO RUNNING O'ER WITH BLOOD OF  
INNOCENCE,  
WHOSE BLOOD CRIES, "VENGE-  
ANCE!" FROM THE TORTURED  
EARTH!

Who flouts the Lord's annointed with these  
words?

Who passes judgment on his regent here?

---

---

J E H O V A H, G O D O F B A T T L E S

---

---

LO, WHO OFFENDETH THESE OUR  
LITTLE ONES,  
THE LITTLE ONES WHO PLAY ABOUT  
OUR FEET,  
BEFORE ALL STANDS AS IF A MILL-  
STONE HANGED  
ABOUT HIS NECK IN SHAMEFUL  
PILLORY.

No, no, mine ears are stopped, mine eyes **are**  
closed;

Not mine, not mine the fault! I willed this  
not.

These wraiths he raises up are not for  
me;

The Witch of Endor frightened Saul but I,  
But I am free of blood guilt, hands  
unstained,

Nor fear the fictions of a craven mind.

AND CAIN SLEW ABEL AND WAS  
CURSED OF GOD  
AND WANDERED FAR AFIELD O'ER  
ALL THE EARTH.

---

---

JEHOVAH, GOD OF BATTLES

---

---

The brother's keeper cry once more is  
heard!

And Cain was but a weakling, not so I.  
AND CAIN CRIED OUT IN ANGUISH  
OF THE SOUL

"MY PUNISHMENT IS MORE THAN  
I CAN BEAR."

He stands as if St. Michael at the gates  
Armed with a flaming sword! His face!  
his voice!

Bah, it is all a vision! Help! the  
lights!

Luft! Luft! The lights! The guards! I faint!  
The lights!

UPON THE IMPERIAL BROW THE  
BRAND OF CAIN,  
BRANDED FORE'ER BEFORE A  
WORLD OF WOE,  
IMPERIAL LEPER BY ALL EXE-  
CRATE.

BARABBAS ON THE CROSS WITH  
FATE DESERVED

AND JUDAS, WHO BETRAYED, KNEW  
FULL REMORSE.

THINK NOT THIS BITTER CUP SHALL  
PASS FROM THEE.

BEHOLD IT IN THY HAND; DRINK  
TO THE DREGS,

THE DREGS OF IGNOMINY, SURE  
DEFEAT!

FOREDOOMED, FOREDAMNED, AND  
ALL THY EVIL LINE,

THY PUNISHMENT—

No, no—not so—the lights!

Luft—luft—I choke—I faint—es dunkelt,  
Ah—

The brand of Cain—of Cain—of Cain—  
fore'er—

Upon the Imperial brow the brand of Cain—  
My punishment is greater—Ah—the dark—  
Am ende—luft—the dark—the dark—the  
dark! !

Am ende—Gott—the dark is over all!

*Falls heavily to the floor in a swoon.*

## EPILOGUE

Written November, 1918

*Scene.—Early evening; time, November, 1918. A bleak winter landscape in Holland, the distance obscured by the persistent drizzle through which a square Georgian house is seen dimly, with a few windows lit up. In the dripping garden figures move ghost-like on guard about the house and the gateway. Two guardsmen of the Bentinck entourage, in raincoats and caps, with low visors over their foreheads, going off duty, meet before the main entrance and exchange greetings:*

*First Guard*—Well met! And came the  
German out?

*Second Guard*—Not yet,  
He sits within and writes and writes and  
writes!

*First Guard*—What writes he, thinkst thou?

---

---

JEHOVAH, GOD OF BATTLES

---

---

*Second Guard—* Lies and lies and lies  
And still more lies!

*First Guard—* Pursuit congenial I vow  
For one whose life was one huge make-  
believe,

Sham and pretense and humbug to the core,  
Mere paste-board painted as a sheet of mail!  
A mannikin dressed up as Lord of Lands  
As hollow as the image of his Gott,  
Buffoon and braggart, bully to the last,  
Yet once the bladder pricked, complete  
collapse!

Who, craven, with the sceptre lost, but  
whines,

Who once would seize the world now finds  
his sway

By others' favors bound within this park;  
Who, seeming glad to eat four meals and  
sleep,

Unmenaced by the whimsies of the mob,  
Lo, grasps at servant courtesies as whores  
Seek such respect as they may get from dogs;  
Grateful indeed for anything that fawns

Since it recalls an honester estate.—  
So this imperial prostitute gains hope,  
Since e'en cajolery has lost its force,  
Aye, stiffens up, as 'twere a puppet king,  
If but a menial murmurs "Majesty";  
The habit of a lifetime holding good  
To gratify the Hohenzollern pride.

*Second Guard*—The people murmur many  
other things

And loudly too, which though far off, remote,  
Yet echo here. From Prussia, Austria;—  
The German border is a dyke that leaks  
And every courier—

*First Guard*— Yea, he starts in fear  
And trembles, shrinks, if one but lifts the  
hand,

Or takes a sudden step, or raises voice,  
Or stirs the wind among the shrubbery,  
Or there is deep commotion at the gate.  
Ah, 'tis to laugh indeed. Caesar is nought;  
A nothing; but lives on.—

*Second Guard*— Lives on, you say;  
Had he been Roman he had used the sword

---

---

JEHOVAH, GOD OF BATTLES

---

---

Like Nero cried "See how an artist dies!"  
But being lesser clay he lives, and so  
The comedy is finished!

*First Guard—* And begun  
The Tragedy! (*The door of the house opens*  
*abruptly*)

*Second Guard—(stepping aside and toward*  
*the house)*

No, after you; he comes;  
Hist, silence!

*They stand attention as a heavily muffled figure totters out for the evening walk with a companion and as it salutes the guards they return the courtesy with a scarcely whispered and hardly disguised ironical*

Zu Befehl, Ihr Majestät!

*As it disappears in the grounds they go within while in the distance is heard the menacing melancholy wail of the Belgian refugees trudging homeward along the public highway: "Guillaume, Assassin! Assassin, Guillaume!!"*

Und der Vorhang fällt schnell und immerfort.













UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA LIBRARY

Los Angeles

This book is DUE on the last date stamped below.

Form L9-42m-8,'49 (B5573)444

THE LIBRARY  
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA  
LOS ANGELES

UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY



A 001 247 679 2

PS  
3545  
W339j

